

The first part of the contention of the two families

Then *Yorke* be still a while till time do serue,
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prye into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride, and Englands deare bought *Queene*,
And *Humphrey* with the Peeres be false at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,
With whose sweete smell the ayre shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*:
And force perforce, Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

*Enter Duke Humphrey, and Dame Elnor
Cobham his wife.*

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at *Cearies* plenteous load?
What seest thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King and his Protector?
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy mind?

Humph. My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

Elnor. What dreemt my lord? Good *Humphrey* tel it me,
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

Humph. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt that
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of *Winchester*,
And *William de la Poole* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,

That

houses, of Yorke a

That he that breakes a stick
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit
But now my lord, ile tell you
Me thought I was in the Cathedrale
At *Westminster*, and seated in
Where the Kings and *Queene*
Henry and *Margaret* with a crowne
Stood ready to set it on my prince

Humph. Fie *Nell*, ambitious
Art thou not second woman in
And the *Protectors* wife, below
And wilt thou still be hammer
Away I say, and let me heare no more

Elnor. How now my Lord
For telling but her dreame? the
Ile keepe to my selfe and not beleeue

Humph. Nay *Nell*, ile giue no more
But I would haue thee to thinke

Enter a Messenger

Messen. And it please your grace
morrow morning will ride a hawke
craves your companie along with you

Humph. With all my heart.
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs

Elnor. Ile come after you, for
But ere it be long, ile go before
Despight of all that seeke to croas
Who is within there?

Enter sir John Hum

What sir *John Hum*, what newes
sir *John.* Iesus preserve your grace

Elnor. My maiestie, why ma